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An Excellent New

B A L L A D

Of the PLOTTING HEAD.

*A popish Libell on Earl of Shaftsbury.*

To the Tune of, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love.* Or, *Let Oliver now be forgot,* &c.

26. Sept. 1681.

**Y**ou Presbyters now Relent,  
For your Plotting is all in vain,  
Since College does now Repent,  
And hourly does complain;  
That all your contrivance is nothing,  
And *M*—yet proves a Slowthing:  
Ah little Pate!  
Politick Pate!  
Thy Policy now is grown quite out of Date.

Now all the Caball Men of Fortune,  
Wish *Toney*, the Head of the Crew  
Who the People did often Importune,  
To Swear things that never were true:  
Oh! this is the Fox of the Nation,  
Who made your Sedition a Fashion,  
Ah little Pate!  
Ill was thy Fate!  
For to bring thy self to this wretched Estate.

And now where's thy Policy *Toney*,  
The Nation so much did Admire,  
Hast lost both thy Wit, and thy Money  
Since Friends with thy Fortune Expire;  
Had not *Harri* spoke truth at's last Hour,  
Thou w<sup>d</sup>st hadst been sent to the Tower,  
Ah little Pate!  
What is thy Fate!  
Wilt thou have thy Head fixed fast on a Gate.

Poor *Stafford* indeed you out-witted,  
And thought to have done all the rest,  
But now your Quaint Policy's fitted  
And you left to make up the jeast;  
Except you Invoke your Friend *Tory*,  
To turn, and to Swear a New Story:  
Ah little Pate!  
What is thy Fate!  
Hast must thy Head now be fix't on a Gate?

The Zealots that live in the City,  
Are griev'd, for to see your strang Fate;  
Though yet they your Fortune may pity,  
They'l finde out your Treasons too late:  
For the Devil you faithfully served,  
Has left you, to what you deserved  
Ah little Pate!  
Damn'd little Pate!

To cause this distraction and Curse in the State

Like Lucifer swel'd with Ambition,  
And tost from a Heavenly Seat;  
So you from a wretched Condition,  
Was by your King's Favour, made Great  
But like the worst of all Creatures,  
Whole Treacherie's seen in his Features;  
For you little Pate,  
To bring in a State,

Would venture your Head being fix't on a Gate

You thought that when *Hide* was Transplanted  
That you should have grown in his place,  
But his O F spring, who never were Daunted  
Your Actions did hourly Trace;  
For you (*Jann* like) have two Faces,  
And fit your self for all Places;  
Ah little Pate!  
Politick Pate!

Which for Treason at last, will be fix't on a Gate

Confess all thy Traterous Actions,  
Consider the Flood hath been Shed;  
Lay open thy yet hidden Factions,  
Of which thou art surely the Head;  
Pull out thy Tap of Sedition,  
Gain Mercy by true Contrition.  
Ah little Pate!  
Politick Pate!

Or else may thy Head be fast fix't on a Gate.